time, and thereby perhaps diſable him from doing juſtice to his clients as a counſellor, in which character it was always his ambition to give the utmoſt ſatisfaction to all his clients.

At this period I could read almoſt any Engliſh book, on common ſubjects, with the greateſt accuracy and propriety. I could write three different hands, caſt up any common account in arithmetic, had a tolerable idea of geography, was making a haſty progreſs in the ſtudy of hiſtory, and was tolerably expert at taking off any drawing at ſight, which was not very difficult. Let not the reader imagine, that, when I ſay this, I mean to extol my own genius, or to expoſe my vanity. Though the genius of a youth is undoubtedly the principal mover in the purſuit of ſcience, yet it is by no means the only one. I had the happineſs to fall into hands that were well acquainted with the true mode of education; and had I not under ſuch a director acquired every thing I have juſt mentioned, I muſt have been a dunce indeed. England ſwarms with ſchools and teachers to ſuch a degree, that one would imagine

imagine every native was a profound ſcholar; but, alas! it is found by experience, that nine out of ten of theſe teachers have as much need of being taught as their pupils. Hence it is, that many bright geniuſſes are for ever loſt to the world.

Permit me now to make a digreſſion.—There are few authors, I am told, who write their own hiſtories; and thoſe who do, deſcribe all their good qualities, but ſay little of their defects. I am now going to give my readers an inſtance that I am not partial even to myſelf. When I confeſs my error, I have a right to plead my defence, to beg mercy from my kind readers, and to hope that they will attribute my errors to the little experience I may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have had: I have, in one inſtance, bought wiſdom by experience.

My father, after ſeveral times coming upon me unexpectedly, obſerved, that even my amuſements tended to improvement; and therefore at laſt left me to amuſe myſelf in what manner I beſt liked, without even giving himſelf the trouble of aſking me what I was about. I was naughty

 enough